
THE
HELEN JACKSON
YEAR BOOK

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THE HELEN JACKSON YEAR-BOOK



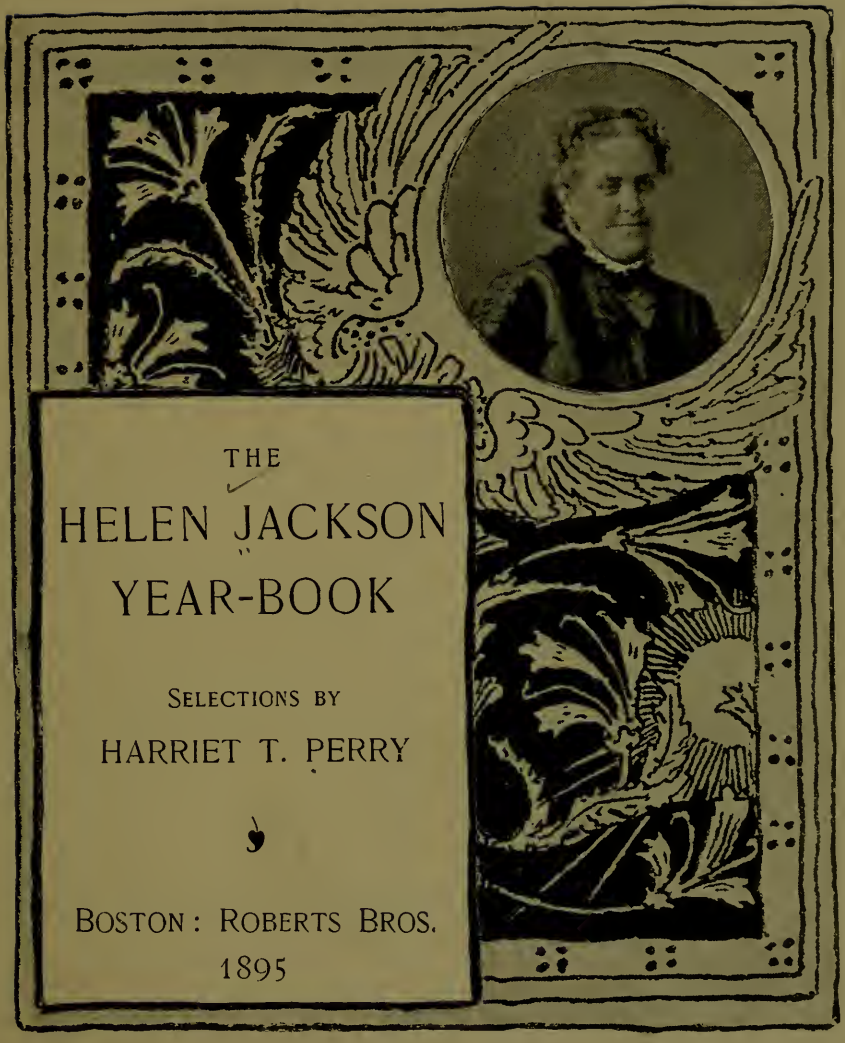
THE HELEN JACKSON YEAR-BOOK

SELECTIONS BY

MARGARET T. PERRY

BOSTON: ROBERTS BROS.

1892



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JANUARY



January.

Always a night from old to new!
Night and the healing balm of sleep!
Each morn is New Year's morn come true,
Morn of a festival to keep.
All nights are sacred nights to make
Confession and resolve and prayer;
All days are sacred days to wake
New gladness in the sunny air.
Only a night from old to new;
Only a sleep from night to morn.
The new is but the old come true;
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

January 1.

. . . "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is a text good for every morning.

THE READY-TO-HALTS.

January 2.

. . . I have wondered whether the happiest mortal could point to one single moment and say, "At that moment there was nothing in my life which I would have had changed." I think not.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NABAL.

January 3.

. . . It is not in our power to confer honor or bring dishonor on the illustrious dead.

We ourselves, alone, are dishonored when we fail in reverence to them.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

January 4.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst
I know He set me here, — and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will.

SPINNING.

January 5.

. . . Climate is to a country what temperament is to a man, — Fate.

OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

January 6.

. . . In the time of blossoms, an almond orchard, seen from a distance, is like nothing so much as a rosy-white cloud, floated off a sunset and spread on the earth.

Seen nearer, it is a pink snowstorm, arrested and set on stalks, with an orchestra buzz of bees filling the air.

IBID.

January 7.

. . . The rudiments of good behavior have to be chiefly negative at the outset, like Punch's advice to those about to marry, — "Don't."

THE DESCENDANTS OF NABAL.

January 8.

. . . If it be true, as some poets think, that every spot on earth is full of poetry, then it is certainly also true that each place has its own distinctive measure; an indigenous metre, so to speak, in which, and in which only, its poetry will be truly set or sung. . . . There are surely woods which are like stately sonnets, and others of which the truth would best be told in tender lyrics; brooks which are jocund songs, and mountains which are Odes to Immortality.

CHESTER STREETS.

January 9.

. . . Pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession.

CHOICE OF COLORS.

January 10.

. . . The ship that bore
My loved from me lies where she lay before;
My heart grows sick within me as I pray
The silent skipper, morn by morn, if he
Will sail before the night. With patient tread
I bear him all my goods. I cannot see
What more is left that could be stripped from me,
But still the silent skipper shakes his head:
Ah me! I think I never shall be dead!

MY SHIP.

January 11.

. . . Grief and joy do not alter shape or sort.

Love and love's losses and hurts are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

CHESTER STREETS.

January 12.

. . . "In" the mountains is a phrase we have come to use carelessly when we mean among them. But it is a significant thing that we say "in" and do not say "among."

Among the Rocky Mountains it is especially significant. Hour by hour one sinks and rises and climbs and descends in labyrinths of wedged hills. Each hour you are hemmed in by a new circle of peaks, among which no visible outlet appears; and each hour you escape, mount to a new level, and are again circled by a different and more glorious horizon. You come to feel that you yourself are, as it were, a member of the mountain race; the sky is the family roof, and you and they are at home together under it. This it is to be "*in*" the mountains.

Boulder Canyon.

January 13.

. . . Of all the splendid promise and wondrous development on the California coast to-day, *Franciscan friars* were the first founders.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

January 14.

. . . It is strange how sure civilized peoples are, when planning and legislating for savages, to forget that it has always taken centuries to graft on or evolve out of savagery anything like civilization.

IBID.

January 15.

. . . The silence of the plaza was in itself a memorial service, with locust blossoms swinging incense.

IBID.

January 16.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath
For this sweet legacy of sorrow.

MY LEGACY.

January 17.

. . . We went up into the grand Hall of Council, and saw Tintoretto's great picture of Paradise, the largest picture on canvas in the world. I should hope so.

. . . And what do you say to it for a conception of heaven, when I tell you that even at that size it is crowded with figures; packed, jammed, wedged, they are, — the saints of Tintoretto.

I would rather be any kind of a sinner in any other place where there was elbow-room.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

January 18.

. . . It has appeared to me that men becoming guardians of bees acquire a peculiar calm philosophy, and are superior to other farmers and outdoor workers. It would not seem unnatural that the profound respect they are forced to entertain for insects so small and so wholly at their mercy should give them enlarged standards in many things; above all, should breed in them a fine and just humility toward all creatures.

OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

January 19.

. . . Oh! if the world could only stop long enough for one generation of *mothers* to be made all right, what a millennium could be begun in thirty years!

THE DESCENDANTS OF NABAL.

January 20.

. . . The best things in life seem always snatched on chances. The longer one lives and looks back, the more he realizes this, . . . until one comes to have serious doubts whether there be not a truer philosophy in the "toss-up" test than in any other method.

CHANCE DAYS IN OREGON.

January 21.

. . . There is not so misnamed a piece of water on the globe as the Pacific Ocean, nor so unexplainable a delusion as the almost universal impression that it is smooth sailing there.

It is British Channel and North Sea and off the Hebrides combined. . . .

IBID.

January 22.

TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world:
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried,
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—
I knew it was that you forgot!"

But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."

January 23.

. . . If it were proposed to any man to go into an apothecary's shop and take from the big jars on the shelves . . . carbonates, sulphates, silicates, and chlorides, dissolve them in his bath-tub, and then proceed to soak himself in the water, absorbing the drugs through his million-pored skin, he would probably see the absurdity and the risk of the process.

But, because Nature, for some mysterious purpose, has seen fit to brew these concoctions in the bowels of the earth, which spits them out as fast as it can, men jump at the conclusion that they are meant for healing purposes, and that one cannot drink too much of them, or stay in them too long.

GEORGETOWN AND THE "TERRIBLE MINE."

January 24.

. . . No amount of Blackstone can give such an idea of law as a month of prison.

THE READY-TO-HALTS.

January 25.

. . . The truth is, the stronger, better-trained will a man has, the less obstinate he will be. Will is of reason; obstinacy of temper.

IBID.

January 26.

. . . A conservatory filled chiefly with rare orchids, like an enchanted aviary of humming-birds, arrested on the wing . . .

CHESTER STREETS.

January 27.

. . . Learn . . .
That publicans and sinners may be saints!

THE ABBOT PAPHNUTIUS.

January 28.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore,
In sudden fear lest we return no more,
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untrod before.
Ah, foolish hearts! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days:
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our thresholds when the day is born:
We sail, at sunrise, daily, "outward bound."

January 29.

. . . These eternal, unalterable snow-peaks will be as eternal and unalterable factors in the history of the country as in its beauty to the eye.

Their value will not come under any head of things reckonable by census, statistics, or computation, but it will be none the less real for that; it will be an element in the nature and character of every man and woman born within sight of the radiant splendor.

CHANCE DAYS IN OREGON.

January 30.

. . . It is not intended that we shall be very comfortable.

There is a terrible amount of depravity in animate and inanimate things.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NABAL.

January 31.

. . . Marble and canvas and parchment league in vain to keep green the memory of him who did not love and consecrate by his life-blood, in fight or in song, the soil where he trod.

But for him who has done this, — who fought well, sang well, — the morning cloud, and the wild rose, and broken blades of grass under men's feet, become immortal witnesses, . . . and in the inalienable loyalty of Nature bear testimony to-day to their lover.

This is the greatest crown of the hero and the poet.

A Burns Pilgrimage.


FEBRUARY



February.

. . . Small trace now of any man's landmark, by wall or fence; no color but white and no shape but snow, to any shrub or tree or wood; looking out, we perceived that no man could any more tell us of Labrador or Greenland: they cannot be more than the whole of winter; the whole of winter lay between the horizon and our doorstep.

A Glimpse of Country Winter.



February 1.

. . . The hardest way is the best way.

BERGEN DAYS.

February 2.

. . . Really one of the great pleasures of foreign travel is the English one hears spoken; and it is a pleasure for which we no doubt render a full equivalent in turn when we try speaking in any tongue except our own. But it is hard to conceive of any intelligible English French or German being so droll as German or French English can be, and yet be perfectly intelligible.

Polite creatures that they all are, never to smile when we speak their language!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

February 3.

. . . Nobody will ever, by pencil or brush or pen, fairly render the beauty of the mysterious, undefined, undefinable chaparral. Matted, tangled, twisted, piled, tufted, — everything is chaparral. . . . It is the most exquisite carpet surface that Nature has to show for mountain fronts or canyon sides. Not a color that it does not take; not a bloom that it cannot rival; a bank of cloud cannot be softer, or a bed of flowers more varied of hue.

OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

February 4.

O, the years I lost before I knew you,
Love!
O, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love!

AT LAST.

February 5.

. . . Tyranny can make liars and cheats out of the honestest souls.

RAMONA.

February 6.

. . . The unearthly hour of 5 A.M., — an hour at which all virtues ooze out of one; even honesty out of cabmen.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

February 7.

. . . His love of books and his passionate love of beauty combined with his poverty to hedge him about more effectually than miles of desert could have done.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

February 8.

. . . There is no sight in the world so hard for lonely, homeless people to see, as the sight of the lighted windows of houses after nightfall.

IBID.

February 9.

TIDES.

O patient shore, that canst not go to meet
Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
Thou all thy loneliness? Art thou at rest,
When, loosing his strong arms from round thy feet,
He turns away? Know'st thou, however sweet
That other shore may be, that to thy breast
He must return? And when, in sterner test,
He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,
Wraps thee in ice, and gives no smile, no kiss
To break long wintry days, still dost thou miss
Naught from thy trust? Still wait, unfaltering,
The higher, warmer waves which leap in spring?
O sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied!
O heart, learn from the shore! *Love* has a *tide!*

February 10.

. . . Who of us is not in prison? Who of us is not living out his time of punishment? Law holds us all in its merciless fulfilment of penalty for sin; disease, danger, work separate us, wall us, bury us.

FRIENDS OF THE PRISONERS.

February 11.

. . . There is no fixed day gleaming for us in the future when our term of sentence will expire and we shall regain freedom. It may be to-morrow; but it may be threescore years away.

Meantime, we bear ourselves as if we were *not* in prison. We profess that we choose, we keep our fetters out of sight, we smile, we sing, we contrive to be glad of being alive, and we take great interest in the changing of our jails.

IBID.

February 12.

. . . *Kradsuld* is Norwegian for "shoddy," and sounds worlds more respectable, I am sure.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

February 13.

. . . The thousandth time and the first are alike to all true lovers of science,—to all true lovers in the world, for that matter.

THE VALLEY OF GASTEIN.

February 14.

. . . My strongest will
Finds stronger fate stand side by side
With it, its utmost efforts conquering still
With such swift might, the dust in which I lie
Scarce quivers with my struggle and my pain,
Scarce echoes with my cry.

RESURGAM.

February 15.

. . . The last thing of all which I stopped to look at in Lubeck was the best of all, — an old house with a turreted bay-window on the corner, and this inscription on the front between the first and second stories of the house: —

> "North and south, the world is wide:
> East and west, home is best."

It was a lovely motto for a house, but not a good one for wanderers away from home to look at. It brought a sudden sense of homesickness, like an odor of a flower, or a bar of music, which has an indissoluble link with home.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

February 16.

. . . God knows best what hearts are counted his. . . .

THE ABBOT PAPHNUTIUS.

February 17.

. . . Words seem always to those who work with them more or less failures.

THE KATRINA SAGA.

February 18.

. . . First. If you don't like a thing, try with all your might to make it as you do like it.

Second. If you can't possibly make it as you like it, stop thinking about it: let it go.

NELLY'S SILVER MINE.

February 19.

. . . *Still Nature* abhors noise and haste, and shams of all sorts.

Quiet and patience are the great secrets of her force, whether it be a mountain or a soul that she would fashion.

HYSTERIA IN LITERATURE.

February 20.

. . . "Going West!" Immortal phrase, which only the finality of an ocean can stay.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

February 21.

. . . Why has the sage-bush been so despised, so held up to the scorn of men? It is simply a miniature olive-tree. In tint, in shape, the resemblance is wonderful.

FROM CHICAGO TO OGDEN.

February 22.

. . . The sunshine seems to have a color and substance to it which I never saw elsewhere, — no, not even in Italy. It takes up room! . . .

But, in spite of the sunshine . . . the very air seemed heavy with hidden sadness.

SALT LAKE CITY.

February 23.

. . . It is impossible to be just to a person or a thing disliked.

FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO

February 24.

. . . I dislike the sleeping-car sections more than I ever have disliked, ever shall dislike, or ever can dislike anything in the world.

Therefore, I will not describe one.

IBID.

February 25.

. . . We reached Colfax at noon of midsummer. . . . Yellow stages stood ready to carry people over smooth, red roads which were to be seen winding off in many ways.

"Grass Valley," "You Bet," and "Little York" were three of the names.

Summer, and slang, and history all beckoning.

IBID.

February 26.

. . . We doubled Cape Horn, in the sunny weather, as gayly as if we had been on a light-boat's deck; but we were sitting, standing, clinging on the steps and platforms of a heavy railroad train, whose track bent at a sharp angle around a rocky wall which rose up hundreds of feet straight in the air, and reached down hundreds of feet into the green valley beneath.

. . . Whirling around the perilous bend, one had only a sense of glee. After-thoughts give it another name.

FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

February 27.

. . . We wind . . . through great spaces of yellow, waving blossom, — eschscholtzia, yellow lupine, and mustard by the acre. It seems as if California's hidden gold had grown impatient of darkness, and burst up into flower!

From Ogden to San Francisco.

February 28.

. . . Twilight finds us in a labyrinth of low, bare hills. . . . Their outlines are indescribably soft and gentle. One thinks involuntarily of some of Beethoven's Adagios.

The whole grand movement of the vast continent seems to have progressed with harmonies and successions akin to those of a symphony, and to end now with a few low, tender, gracious chords.

Ibid.

February 29. [A leap-year "extra."]

. . . Soul seeks soul, unsatisfied, represt,
Till in Love's tropic met, they sink to rest,
At peace forever, in the "Zone of Calms."

THE ZONE OF CALMS.


MARCH.



March.

Beneath the sheltering walls the thin snow clings,—
Dead winter's skeleton, left bleaching, white,
Disjointed, crumbling, on unfriendly fields.
The inky pools surrender tardily
At noon, to patient herds, a frosty drink
From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths; the willows wrap
Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray
A little in the biting wind; mid-day
Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out
Alert for sun.
Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

March 1.

. . . The things of the earth speak the same words to poets under all suns.

THE CONVENT OF SAN LAZZARO IN VENICE.

March 2.

. . . We went into the Coliseum, which . . . seemed to be beckoning us with its gray arms.

You all know just how it *looks*, I knew that before I came; but how it *feels*, that is something which don't photograph! — the unspeakable quiet; the dance of light and shade in and out of the arches; the distance and the nearness of the Gothic spaces of sky, set in settings of stone, and looking like sapphire gates on which, if you had but wings, you might knock and find them opening to you!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

March 3.

. . . As the grand old Russian says, what men usually ask for, when they pray to God, is, that two and two may not make four.

RAMONA.

March 4.

. . . Many things in Nature move us more than *size;* wonder, even tinged with veneration, is shorter-lived than tenderness.

FROM BIG OAK FLAT TO MURPHY'S.

March 5.

. . . Love lifts a great veil from a measureless vista: all the rest of life is transformed into one shining distance; every present moment is but a round in a ladder whose top disappears in the skies, from which angels are perpetually descending to the dreamer below.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

March 6.

. . . Somewhere on earth,
Marked, sealed, mine from its hour of birth,
A stairway lies, down which I shall descend,
And pass through a dark gate, which at my name,
And at no other, will swing back and close.
Where lies this stairway no man knows,
No man has even wondered. Only I
Remember it continually.

RESURGAM.

March 7.

. . . Who shall reckon our debt to the *pine?* It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It builds us roofs; no others keep out sun so well. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music and a balsam of healing in the air, . . . and at last, in its death, it makes our very hearthstones ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

March 8.

. . . Albano days; — there are but seven in a week.

That is their only fault.

ALBANO DAYS.

March 9.

. . . Priests in black, looking always like a sort of ecclesiastical crow, such silly solemnity in their faces, so much slow flap to their petticoats and the brims of their hats.

IBID.

March 10.

. . . American women, — to be known from all the rest by their quick peering faces, and their being sure to get in everywhere.

THE RETURNED VETERANS' FEST IN SALZBURG.

March 11.

. . . Even from divinest music one must rest.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

March 12.

O helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I burn, in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
O strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these, in thee?

My Hickory Fire.

March 13.

. . . There are spaces wider than lands can measure, or the seas fill.

FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

March 14.

. . . Everything in this world is relative, and nothing more so than the significance of the same word in different localities.

DANDY STEVE.

March 15.

. . . Olives, gray and solemn, . . . most pathetic of trees. The first man who saw an olive-tree must have known that there had been Gethsemane.

Never else could such pathos have been put into mere color; they could never have been so gray before that night.

ALBANO DAYS.

March 16.

. . . What an interesting addition it would be to the statistics of foods eaten by different peoples, to collect the statistics of the different foods with which *pride's* hunger is satisfied in different countries! Its stomach has as many and opposite standards as the human digestive apparatus.

It is, like everything else, all and only a question of climate.

A Burns Pilgrimage.

March 17.

. . . This poor, paltry life
Of flesh, which is so little worth its cost,
Which eager sows, but may not stay to reap,
And so soon breathless with the strain and strife,
Its work half-done, exhausted, falls asleep.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice.

March 18.

. . . Paris is just what I thought it was, — New York grown up, graduated, and with a diploma!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

March 19.

. . . "Yellow Tiber" sounds well; Macaulay never could have got on without that adjective; but it is such a license, no poet any nearer than England would have ventured on it.

The water looks just like the water in the puddles in brickyards, dirty, thick, dead, drab; as for "shaking its tawny mane," it does not look as if it ever stirred so much as a drop.

IBID.

March 20.

. . . With some parents, although they are neither harsh nor hard in manner, nor yet unloving in nature, the habitual first impulse seems to be *to refuse:* they appear to have a singular obtuseness to the fact that it is, or can be, of any consequence to a *child* whether it does or does not do the thing it desires.

THE INHUMANITIES OF PARENTS.

March 21.

. . . The sea is the loneliest of things in the universe, I think. The fields and the woods and the hills all look as if they had good fellowship with each other perpetually; but the great, blank, bare sea, looks forever alone.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

March 22.

. . . Ah, are there elsewhere in the world such colors as the cherry scarlet, gray blue, pomegranate red, and deep sea green which Austrian officers wear?

And then the fit of them! It is profane to suppose they are cut and made.

It is the coats that come first; and the men are melted over night and poured in in the morning.

THE RETURNED VETERANS' FEST IN SALZBURG.

March 23.

. . . It makes little difference . . . where one opens the record of the history of the Indians; every page and every year has its dark stain.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR.

March 24.

. . . Rome is a siren of sirens.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

March 25.

O Truth, art thou relentless? Wilt thou rest
Never? From solitude to solitude
Eternally wilt thou escape? . . .
From force to force, through rock, through sound, through flame,
Our worship wrests but echo of thy name,
And builds at last, with patient stone, and sod,
And tears, its altar "to the unknown God."

TRUTH.

March 26.

. . . Titian's single heads and single figures are . . . sonnets, either solemn and slow, with the whole of the man's life concentrated into that day's voice, or vivid fiery, like the passionate outpouring of one moment!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

March 27.

. . . What unconscious tribute we pay to the doctrine of the resurrection by the love and honor in which we hold graves, century after century!

AN AFTERNOON IN MEMORIAM, IN SALZBURG.

March 28.

. . . Bodies are frail things; there are more child-martyrs than will be known until the bodies terrestrial are done with.

BREAKING THE WILL.

March 29.

. . . The man who is ready to give pledge that the opinion he will hold to-morrow will be precisely the opinion he holds to-day has either thought very little, or to little purpose, or has resolved to quit thinking altogether.

MARGIN.

March 30.

. . . When God's next sweet world we reach,
And the poor words we stammered here
Are fast forgot, while angels teach
Us spirit language quick and clear,
Perhaps some words of earthly speech
We still shall speak, and still hold dear.

THIS SUMMER.

March 31.

. . . Stretches of stone wall . . . have a dignity and significance which no other expedient for boundary-marking has attained. They make of each farm a little walled principality, of each field an approach to a fortress; and if one thinks of the patience which it must need to build them by the mile, they seem at once to take a place among enduring records or race memorials.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.


APRIL



April.

Robins call robins in tops of trees;
Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden, snowy, and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are so glad,
April weeps while these are so gay, —
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

April 1.

. . . Even destiny itself winces a little before a certain sort and amount of determination.

THE VALLEY OF GASTEIN.

April 2.

. . . Things that we think very much about we never forget, any more than we do persons that we love very dearly . . .

So "*I forgot*" is not very much of an excuse for not having done a thing; it is only another way of saying, "I did n't attend to it enough to make it stay in my mind," or, "I did n't care enough about it to remember it."

CAT STORIES.

April 3.

. . . Country people always seem to have more than the usual allowance of elbow. . .

THE RETURNED VETERANS' FEST IN SALZBURG.

April 4.

. . . Nowise
Escaping and nowise forgetting one
Of all the actions done, —
And bearing all that lies
In utmost law for me, — all God's great will,
All God's great mercy, — still
I shall arise.

The fool asks, "With what flesh? in joy or pain?
Helped or unhelped? and lonely, or again
Surrounded by our earthly friends?"
I know not; and I glory that I do
Not know: that for Eternity's great ends
God counted me as worthy of such trust
That I need not be told.
.
I love and fear not; and I cannot lose,
One instant, this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease;
I must arise.

RESURGAM.

April 5.

. . . We found an American family at dinner in the cabin, as if they had lived there all their lives,—a thin, yellow mamma, with tight hair, which savored of sewing societies and rigid principles; a papa who was all gray, grizzled good nature; and a miss who did French for them both; and they had been on the Nile all winter, and were just from Corfu; and were in Madeira the winter before; and, dear me, for all that, how very inexperienced and uninformed they looked!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 6.

. . . Lilacs made
A green and purple tent with pleasant shade.

FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

April 7.

. . . The first Colorado flower I saw was the great blue wind-flower, or anemone. It was brought to me one morning, late in April, when snow was lying on the ground . . . The flower was only half open, and only half way out of a gray, furry sheath some two inches long . . . the daintiest, most wrapped-up little blossom.

"A crocus, out in chinchilla fur!" I exclaimed.

"Not a crocus at all; an anemone," said they who knew.

THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS.

April 8.

. . . Somebody said . . . the other day, that a pilgrimage over the pavements of Rome without peas in your shoes was quite enough to atone for most sins. Sometimes I think one hour of it has cleared my scot!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 9.

. . . I am hankering after a hill country with only its own legitimate dead about!

Not that I mean to reflect on the family records of the Cæsars and Antonines; but I think it chokes the air a little too much to dig down into so many layers of sepulchre.

Sufficient unto a century is the dead thereof.

IBID.

April 10.

. . . Our people are living, on the whole, the dullest lives that are lived in the world, by the so-called civilized; and the climax of this dullness of life is to be found in . . . a small New England town.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

April 11.

. . . *Agatized* men and women. . . . They last well, such people,—as well, almost, as agatized wood on museum shelves; and the most you can do for them is to keep them well dusted.

IBID.

April 12.

. . . To be waked up out of sleep has always seemed to me a crowning insult and outrage to Nature.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 13.

When night falls on the earth, the sky
 Looks like a wide, a boundless main.
Who knows what voyagers sail there?
 Who names the ports they seek and gain?

Are not the stars like beacons set
 To guide the argosies that go
From universe to universe,
 Our little world above, below?

.

O thought too vast! O thought too glad!
 An awe most rapturous it stirs.
From world to world God's beacons shine:
 God means to save his mariners!

GOD'S LIGHTHOUSES.

April 14.

. . . On every road each man we meet is a prisoner; he is dying at heart, however sound he looks; he is only waiting, however well he works.

If we stop to ask whether he be our brother, he is gone.

Our one smile would have lit up his prison-day.

Alas for us if we smiled not as we passed by!

FRIENDS OF THE PRISONERS.

April 15.

. . . No one can estimate the results on a character of the slow absorptions, the unconscious biases, from daily contact. All precepts, all religions, are insignificant agencies by their side.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

April 16.

. . . As for the sirocco, when that blows, all hope forsakes a person of nerves; you feel as if you were a thousand needles, assorted sizes!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 17.

. . . Birds, with motion more serene
Than stillest rest. . . .

MY HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

April 18.

. . . In spite of all which satirical writers have said and say of the loquacious egotism, the questioning curiosity of our people, it is true to-day that the average American is a reticent, taciturn, speechless creature, who, for his own sake, and still more for the sake of all who love him, needs, more than he needs anything else under heaven, to *learn* to *speak*.

LEARNING TO SPEAK.

April 19.

. . . Hens are the forlornest of all created animals when it rains. Who can help laughing at sight of a flock of them huddled up under lee of a barn, limp, draggled, spiritless, shifting from one leg to the other, with their silly heads hanging inert to right or left, looking as if they would die for want of a yawn?

One sees just such groups of other two-legged creatures in parlors, under similar circumstances.

RAINY DAYS.

April 20.

. . . That man is to be pitied who lives his life out under the impression that it is within his own guidance.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

April 21.

DEDICATION.

I saw men kneeling where their hands had brought
And fashioned curiously a pile of stone.
To God they said they gave it, for his own,
And that their psalms and prayers had wrought
Its consecration. When, perplexed, I sought
Their meaning, they but answered with a groan,
And called my question blasphemy. Alone,
In silence of the wilderness, I thought
Again.

Swift answer came from rock, tree, sod:
"These puny prayers superfluous rise, and late
These psalms.

When first the world swung out in space,
Amid the shoutings of the sons of God,
Then was its every atom dedicate,
Forever holy by God's gift and grace."

April 22.

. . . Ah, my people, don't believe one word you hear written or said against "lodgings"! It is the ideal way of living, and England is the country of comfort.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 23

. . . Dens of high-priced misery called boarding-houses . . .

IBID.

April 24.

. . . A fried chop on a cold plate, — that perpetual insult, that unchristian outrage, which pursues the traveler in New England, from Monday morning till Saturday night, — it would make an English landlord stand still in wonder to see.

IBID

April 25.

. . . The people of the United States have never in the least realized that the taking possession of California was not only a conquering of Mexico, but a conquering of California as well; that the real bitterness of the surrender was not so much to the empire which gave up the country, as to the country itself which was given up.

RAMONA.

April 26.

. . . "It 's always seemed to me that men was the obstinatest critters made, even the best on 'em."

NELLY'S SILVER MINE.

April 27.

. . . There is n't any place left for godliness next to cleanliness in Rotterdam, I am sure; cleanliness has taken all the room!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

April 28.

. . . There can be a heart and a significant record in the face of a plain and a mountain, as much as in the face of a man.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

April 29.

. . . Ah, she is only half mother who does not see her own child in every child! — her own child's grief in every pain which makes another child weep!

HALF AN HOUR IN A RAILWAY STATION.

April 30.

. . . There is no proverb which strikes a truer balance between two things than the old one which weighs *example* over against *precept*.

THE INHUMANITIES OF PARENTS.


MAY



May.

The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May! Without an envy of her crown
And bridal; patient stringing emeralds
And shining rubies for the brows of birch
And maple; flinging garlands of pure white
And pink, which to their bloom add prophecy;
Gold cups o'er-filling on a thousand hills
And calling honey-bees; out of their sleep
The tiny summer harpers with bright wings
Awaking, teaching them their notes for noon;—
O May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion,— sweeter days are thine!



May 1.

. . . What brutish people we are, even those of us who think we love Nature well, to live our lives out so ignorant of her good old families! . . .

. . . We are not ashamed to spend summer after summer face to face with flowers and trees and stones, and never so much as know them by name. I wonder they treat us so well as they do, provide us with food and beauty so often, poison us so seldom. It must be only out of the pity they feel, being diviner than we.

A May-Day in Albano.

May 2.

. . . The thing that shall be is the thing for which all the powers of Nature are at work.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice.

May 3.

. . . I never find myself forming part of a donkey, with a donkey man in rear, without being reminded of all the pictures I have seen of the "Flight into Egypt," and being impressed anew with a sense of the terrible time that Holy Family must have had trying to make haste on such kind of animal: of all beasts, to escape from a hostile monarch on!

And one never pities Joseph any more for having to go on foot; except for the name of the thing, walking must always be easier.

A May-Day in Albano.

May 4.

. . . Nature's retributions, like her rewards, are cumulative.

The Inhumanities of Parents.

May 5.

Somewhere thou awaitest,
And I, with lips unkissed,
Weep that thus to latest
Thou puttest off our tryst!

. . .

Others who would fly thee
In cowardly alarms,
Who hate thee and deny thee,
Thou foldest in thine arms!

How shall I entreat thee
No longer to withhold?
I dare not go to meet thee,
O lover, far and cold!

O lover, whose lips chilling
So many lips have kissed,
Come, even if unwilling,
And keep thy solemn tryst!

TRYST.

May 6.

. . . As for the Doge's palace, that's another blow! It may be imposing; I suppose Ruskin knows; but somehow it won't impose on me, and I can't get it to!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

May 7.

. . . Every day I see men in the Academy sitting down calmly to copy Titian's red! and I wonder at their being suffered to go about without keepers.

IBID.

May 8.

. . . No woman, whatever she may say and honestly mean, can entirely dismiss from her thoughts the memory of the words in which a man has told her he loves her.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

May 9.

. . . Tyranny and fanaticism work with the same tools, and write the same handwriting, all the world over.

SALT LAKE CITY.

May 10.

. . . Cyclamens, — "mad violets" the Italians call them, and there is a pertinence in the name; they hang their heads and look down as if no violet could be more shy, but all the while their petals turn back like the ears of a vicious horse, and their whole expression is of the most fascinating mixture of modesty and mischief.

A MAY-DAY IN ALBANO.

May 11.

. . . Yesterday we went to a Scotch Presbyterian meeting in a little room on the Grand Canal. Think of the antithesis of the thing!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

May 12.

. . . There are two picture sin the Academy by a Martino da Udine, a rare man . . . who has left only a few things. One of these is the Angel of the Annunciation; the other is a Madonna, — both single figures, severe, alone, no accessories, but an air of heaven about the one, and of sanctified earth in the other, which it is good to see.

I know lines in George Herbert — written, is it one hundred or more years later? — which are like these pictures.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

May 13.

. . . Teach us who waits best sues;
Who longest waits of all most surely wins.
When Time is spent, Eternity begins.
To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE.

May 14.

. . . Orchids,—looking, as orchids always do, like imprisoned spirits just about to escape.

A May-Day in Albano.

May 15.

. . . The man who shuts himself apart from his fellows, above all, the man who thus shuts himself apart because he thinks of his fellows with pitying condescension as his inferiors, is a fool and a blasphemer,—a fool because he robs himself of that good-fellowship which is the leaven of life; a blasphemer, because he virtually implies that God made men unfit for him to associate with.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice.

May 16.

. . . Miles of hushed pines are as solemn as eternity.

Hide-and-Seek Town.

May 17.

. . . Very few fathers and mothers, even those who are fluent, perhaps, in society, habitually *talk* with their children.

LEARNING TO SPEAK.

May 18.

. . . Never to appear as a factor in the situation; to be able to wield other men, as instruments, with the same direct and implicit response to will that one gets from a hand or a foot,—this is to triumph indeed: to be as nearly controller and conqueror of Fates as fate permits.

RAMONA.

May 19.

. . . Love cannot lose nor leave his way,
Comes not too soon, comes not too late.

BELATED.

May 20.

. . . One day, in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, I found a grave without a stone to mark it, and white violets growing above. I am not sure that the white violet I brought away from that grave has not a voice sweeter than that from the grave of Shelley.

Who can tell why?

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

May 21.

. . . To be out in the rain in Venice is too much to be borne by the stoutest soul. To be between two fires is always accounted a bad thing in battle; but to be between two waters is as bad.

IBID.

May 22.

. . . Cure for freedom's harms is freedom still.

FREEDOM.

May 23.

. . . The average woman, when she is in the company of even a single person, seems to consider herself derelict in duty if conversation is not what she calls "*kept up,*" — an instinctive phrase, which, by its universal use, is the bitterest comment on its own significance.

Men have no such feeling. Two men will sit by each other's side, it may be for hours, in silence, and feel no derogation from good comradeship. Why should not women?

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

May 24.

. . . Sufficient unto the day is the beauty thereof in Colorado. One does not remember nor anticipate the beauties of yesterday or to-morrow.

A COLORADO WEEK.

May 25.

. . . One dies daily of shame at one's own ignorance.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

May 26.

. . . To come away from the Grand Canal in Venice when Venetian men are singing on the water is not in the power of human beings.

The Ten Commandments can be kept perhaps; people are said to have done it; but this is harder.

IBID.

May 27.

. . . After all, Venice is a ghost.

IBID.

May 28.

. . . Why do we malign the so-called brute creation, making their names a unit of comparison for base traits which never one of them possessed?

RAMONA.

May 29.

. . . The silence, the sense of space in these Rocky Mountain solitudes cannot be expressed; neither can the peculiar atmospheric beauty be described . . . The shapes are the shapes of the north, but the air is like the air of the tropics, — shimmering, kindling. No pictures of the Rocky Mountains which I have seen have caught it in the least. There is not a cold tint here. No dome of Constantinople or Venice, no pyramid of Egypt, ever glowed and swam in warmer light and of warmer hue than do these colossal mountains.

Some mysterious secret of summer underlies and outshines their perpetual snows.

A Colorado Week.

May 30.

DECORATION DAY.

But, ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. O, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose
Its sign.
But Nature knows her wilderness;
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways.
In her great heart is no forgetfulness.
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as Summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days!

May 31.

. . . Who will lift up her voice, or his, and write, write, write, in all newspapers, till we have better things to eat?

Now slavery is no more, we might be free from dyspepsia!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.


JUNE.



June.

. . . Valleys all alive with happy sound ;
The song of birds ; swift brooks' delicious flow ;
The mystic hum of million things that grow ;
The stir of men ; and, gladdening every way,
Voices of little children at their play ;
And shining banks of flowers which words refuse
To paint . . .

IN THE PASS.



June 1.

. . . Faith — the best Elixir of Life yet discovered.

AN AFTERNOON IN MEMORIAM, IN SALSBURG.

June 2.

. . . Legs and languages! Let nobody expect to be happy in Europe without two very strong specimens of the one, and at least four of the other.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

June 3.

. . . Most sacred and inalienable of all rights is the right of helplessness to protection from the strong, of ignorance to counsel from the wise.

THE INHUMANITIES OF PARENTS.

June 4.

. . . A child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others.

IBID.

June 5.

. . . Going so slowly, you will have great reward in . . . getting into fellowship with the lizards.

. . . The other day, on the road to Marino, I made acquaintance with two lizards, who were finer than Solomon in all his glory, and had a villa with a better view than the Barberini.

ALBANO DAYS.

June 6.

. . . No wonder that Theodore Parker, when he saw a stone-pine, asked that one be set on his grave. No tree grows which has such bearing of a solemn purpose.

IBID.

June 7.

. . . O the cruel lure of a flower you cannot possibly touch!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

June 8.

In ecstasy, part joy, part pain,
Where fear and wonder half restrain
Love's gratitude, I lay my ear
Close to the ground, and listening hear
This noiseless, ceaseless, boundless tide
Of earth's great wealth, on every side,
Rolling and pouring up to break
At feet of God, who will not take
Nor keep among his heavenly things
So much as tithe of all it brings;
But instant turns the costly wave,
Gives back to earth all that it gave,
Spends all his universe of power
And pomp to deck one single hour
Of time, and then in largess free,
Unasked, bestows the hour on me.

REVENUES.

June 9.

. . . Israelites, coolies, and negroes, — all they have died of misfortunes; but the donkey is the Wandering Jew of misery among animals, and Italy, I think, must be his Ghetto.

ALBANO DAYS.

June 10.

. . . There is the ready truth, the living voice, the warm hand, or the final experience, waiting for each soul's need. We do not die till we have found them.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

June 11.

. . . "Yes," said my friend, reflectively; "she is not a brilliant woman; she is not even an intellectual one; but there is such a thing as a *genius for affection*, and she has it."

A GENIUS FOR AFFECTION.

June 12.

. . . Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap.

CHANCE.

June 13.

. . . We prate in our shallow wisdom about causes, but the most that we can trace is a short line of incidental occasions.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

June 14.

. . . He who journeys in a foreign country whose language he does not know is in a sorrier plight for the time being than one born a deaf-mute.

. . . It is ceaseless humiliation added to perpetual discomfort. And the more novel the country, and the greater his eagerness to understand all he sees, the greater is his misery.

FOUR DAYS WITH SANNA.

June 15.

In the lowly basement,
Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands;
Now the little one thrusts out his rosy hands;
Soon his eyes will open; then in all the lands
No such *morning-glory!*

MORNING GLORY.

June 16.

. . . There are nine "places of divine worship" in Colorado Springs,— the Presbyterian, the Cumberland Presbyterian, the Methodist, the South Methodist, the Episcopal, the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Unitarian, and Cheyenne Canyon.

Cheyenne Canyon is three miles out of town; but the members of its congregation find this no objection.

. . . Sittings are free in the cathedral of Cheyenne Canyon.

CHEYENNE CANYON.

June 17.

. . . It would be safe to say that there cannot be found in the animal kingdom a bat, or any other creature, so blind in its own range of circumstance and connection, as the great majority of human beings are in the bosoms of their families.

Tempers strain and recover, hearts break and heal, strength falters, fails, and comes near to giving way altogether, every day, without being noted by the closest lookers-on.

RAMONA.

June 18.

. . . Man born of man knows nothing when he goes;
The winds blow where they list, and will disclose
To no man which brings safety, which brings risk.

DANGER.

June 19.

O my mountains, no wisdom can teach
 Me to think that ye care
Nothing more for my steps than the rest,
 Or that they can have share
Such as mine in your royal crown-lands,
 Unencumbered of fee;
In your temples with altars unhewn,
 Where redemption is free;
In your houses of treasure, which gold
 Cannot buy if it seek;
And your oracles, mystic with words,
 Which men lose if they speak!

RETURN TO THE HILLS.

June 20.

Ah! with boldness of lovers who wed
I make haste to your feet,
And as constant as lovers who die,
My surrender repeat;
And I take as the right of my love,
And I keep as its sign,
An ineffable joy in each sense,
And new strength as from wine,
A seal for all purpose and hope,
And a pledge of full light,
Like a pillar of cloud for my day,
And of fire for my night.

RETURN TO THE HILLS.

June 21.

. . . The plain is a plain — bare, apparent, monotonous, wearying, hot; and the mountains — God be praised for them forever — are reticent, unfathomable, eternally varied, restful, cool. So long as the world stands shall the instinct of men turn to them for the best strengths of soul and body.

CENTRAL CITY AND BOB TAIL TUNNEL.

June 22.

. . . Flowers were always dear to the Franciscans. Saint Francis himself permitted all decorations which could be made of flowers.

He classed them with his brothers and sisters, the sun, moon, and stars, — all members of the sacred choir praising God.

RAMONA.

June 23.

. . . Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof is but one side of the truth. No day is sufficient unto the evil thereof is the other.

WANTED. — A HOME.

June 24.

. . . Each day has to bear burdens passed down from so many other days; each person has to bear burdens so complicated, so interwoven with the burdens of others; each person's fault is so fevered and swollen by faults of others, that there is no disentangling the question of responsibility.

IBID.

June 25.

. . . Everything is everybody's fault is the simplest and fairest way of putting it.

IBID.

June 26.

. . . It is everybody's fault that the average home is stupid, dreary, insufferable, — a place from which fathers fly to clubs, boys and girls to streets.

WANTED. — A HOME.

June 27.

. . . But when we ask who can do most to remedy this, . . . then the answer is clear and loud.

It is the work of women. To create and sustain the atmosphere of a home, — it is easily *said* in a very few words; but how many women have *done* it?

IBID.

June 28.

. . . Sunrise has no worshippers, and all men worship the Sunset.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

June 29.

. . . At day dawn plant thy seed, and be not slow
At night. God doth not slumber take nor sleep:
Which seed shall prosper thou canst never know.

CHANCE.

June 30.

. . . Surliness of heart must melt a little under the simple effort to smile. A man will inevitably be a little less of a bear for trying to wear the face of a Christian.

THE JOYLESS AMERICAN.

. . . It is the heart and the spirit and the expression that we bring to our *work*, and not those that we bring to our *play*, by which our real vitality must be tested and by which our faces will be stamped.

IBID.


JULY.



July.

. . . The shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green . . .

POPPIES ON THE WHEAT.



July 1.

. . . Grumblers are the only thing in this world that it is right to grumble at.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NABAL.

July 2.

. . . The most perfect sentence ever written bears to the thing it meant to say the relation which the chemist's formula does to the thing he handles, names, analyzes, can destroy, perhaps, but cannot make.

A GENIUS FOR AFFECTION.

July 3.

This morning's sunrise does not show to me
Seed-film or fruit of my sweet yesterday;
Like falling flowers, to realms I cannot see
Its moments floated silently away:
No answer stirs the shining air,
As I ask, "*Where?*"

WHERE?

July 4.

. . . The testimony of some of the highest military officers of the United States is on record to the effect that, in our Indian wars, almost without exception, the first aggressions have been made by the white man; and the assertion is supported by every civilian of reputation who has studied the subject.

A Century of Dishonor.

July 5.

. . . "How can it be God's will that *wrong* be done? . . . But how can it happen, if it is *not* God's will? . . ."

Ramona.

July 6.

. . . Love can be crueller than any friendship, than any indifference, than any hate: nothing is so exacting, so inexorable, as love.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice.

July 7.

. . . I thought I had tasted of bad things in Italy, but I give Germany the unquestioned palm.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

July 8.

. . . I am anxious to know whether the great students and thinkers of Germany eat the same sorts of food which I have seen in Berchtesgaden and Gastein.

If they do, it is plain that for the German nation has been made by the Creator some peculiar and especial provision by which brains are independent of stomachs.

IBID.

July 9.

. . . Nothing in nature is so powerful in association as a perfume.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

July 10.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I Will."

July 11.

. . . Oh! the sweet reasonableness of children when disagreeable necessities are explained to them, instead of being enforced as arbitrary tyrannies!

Wet the Clay.

July 12.

. . . We owe a great debt to Mr. Whistler for having reclaimed the good word "symphony" from the arbitrary monopoly of music writers.

. . . Henceforth they who make harmonies for the eye will hold the word fraternally in common with those who make harmonies for the ear, and no just person can call it an affectation.

A Symphony in Yellow and Red.

July 13.

. . . He also who seeks to render in words, as others in music or color, some one of nature's gracious harmonies which has greatly delighted him, will do it all the better by the help of this good word in the beginning.

Ibid.

July 14.

. . . *Colorado* is a *symphony* in *yellow* and *red*.

Ibid.

July 15.

. . . Inexorable seasons, surer than any other seed-time and harvest, are those uncalendared seasons in which souls sow and reap with meek patience.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

July 16.

. . . The happiness begun
In happiness, of happiness may cloy,
And, its own subtle foe, itself destroy.
But steadfast, tireless, quenchless as the sun
Doth grow that gladness which hath root in pain.

IBID.

July 17.

. . . Ah, the reward of ugly, hard climbs in this world!

Mentally, morally, physically, what is worth so much as outlooks from high places?

CHEYENNE CANYON.

July 18.

. . . Ah, they know not heart
Of man or woman, who declare
That love needs *time* to love and dare.
His altars wait, — not day nor name,
Only the touch of sacred flame.

THE STORY OF BOON.

July 19.

. . . People who see clearly themselves are almost always intolerant of those who do not.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

July 20.

. . . *Any* thing which makes the joyless, taciturn American speak to his fellow whom he does not know, is for the time being a blessing.

HALF AN HOUR IN A RAILWAY STATION.

July 21.

. . . Those of you who have seen the Cathedral of Cologne will not wonder that I have nothing to say about it; those of you who have not must forgive me.

I cannot say one word. It is more wonderful than any words.

If I said that by miracle a stone mountain had flowered in spire and arch and statue till there was not room for one single flower more to be set, that is my nearest word to what I saw, and so near that I think that somebody else must have said it before me.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

. . . Really, *angry* German is the most horrible sound I ever heard in my life. Incantation, maledictions, supernatural thunderings, and sputterings are in it.

IBID.

July 22.

. . . Human nature has not yet shed all the monkey . . .

THE OLD-CLOTHES MONGER IN JOURNALISM.

July 23.

. . . Because one has a goal, must one be torn by poisoned spurs?

We see on the Corso, in the days of the Carnival, what speed can be made by horses under torture.

Shall we try those methods and that pace on our journeys?

THE JOYLESS AMERICAN.

July 24.

. . . So long as the American is resolved to do in one day the work of two, . . . to earn before he is forty the reputation which belongs to threescore and ten, so long he will go about the streets wearing his present abject, pitiable, overwrought, joyless look.

IBID.

July 25.

. . . After looking up at . . . bald granite domes four and five thousand feet high, after following the line of overlapping arches and columns and peaks of stone, high up in the air on either hand as far as you can see, seeming to tower and grow, and threaten to topple under your very gaze, — there is a sense of protection in the neighborhood of an azalea, a new comradeship with a daisy. They have summered and wintered in Ah-wah-ne, and are not afraid.

PI-WY-ACK AND YO-WI-HE.

July 26.

. . . What a useless routine, for one left *alone,* to be fed, to sleep, and to rise up to eat and sleep again!

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

July 27.

ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

The daughter of a king, how should I know
That there were tinsels wearing face of gold,
And worthless glass, which in the sunlight's hold
Could shameless answer back my diamond's glow
With cheat of kindred fire? The currents slow,
And deep, and strong, and stainless, which had rolled
Through royal veins for ages, what had told
To them, that hasty heat and lie could show
As quick and warm a red as theirs?
Go free!
The sun is breaking on the sea's blue shield
Its golden lances; by their gleam I see
Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if scorn can yield
Thee freedom! Then, alone, my love and I—
We both are royal; we know how to die.

July 28.

. . . However great perplexity and difficulty there may be in the details of any and every plan possible for doing at this late day anything like justice to the Indian, however hard it may be for good statesmen and good men to agree upon the things that *ought* to be done, there certainly is . . . no perplexity whatever, no difficulty whatever, in agreeing upon certain things that ought *not* to be done . . .

Cheating, robbing, breaking promises — these three are clearly things which must cease to be done. One more thing, also, and that is the refusal of the protection of the law to the Indian's rights of property, "of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

. . . Till these four things have ceased to be done, statesmanship and philanthropy alike must work in vain, and even Christianity can reap but small harvest.

A Century of Dishonor.

July 29.

. . . "I have always had such a dread of looking woe-begone, and making everybody around me uncomfortable. I think that's a sin, if one can possibly help it."

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

July 30.

. . . It was not only his body that had failed. He had lost heart; and the miles which would have been nothing to him, had he walked in the companionship of hopeful and happy thoughts, stretched out wearily as he brooded over sad memories and still sadder anticipations. . . .

RAMONA.

July 31.

. . . "I can no longer walk swiftly, but I must walk all the more diligently."

IBID.


AUGUST.



August.

. . . *The sunny hours for very joy are still. . . .*

COVERT.



August 1.

. . . Many men have less absolute belief in a soul than in nitric acid.

THE CORRELATION OF MORAL FORCES.

August 2.

. . . When shall we have a Cuvier, a Huxley, a Tyndall for the immaterial world,—the realm of spiritual existence, moral growth?

IBID.

August 3.

IN TIME OF FAMINE.

"She has no heart," they said, and turned away.
Then, stung so that I wished my words might be
Two-edged swords, I answered low:—
"Have ye
Not read how once when famine held fierce sway
In Lydia, and men died day by day
Of hunger, there were found brave souls whose glee
Scarce hid their pangs, who said, 'Now we
Can eat but once in two days; we will play
Such games on those days when we eat no food
That we forget our pain.'
"Thus they withstood
Long years of famine; and to them we owe
The trumpets, pipes, and balls which mirth finds good
To-day, and little dreams that of such woe
They first were born.
"That woman's life I know
Has been all famine. Mock now if ye dare,
To hear her brave sad laughter in the air."

August 4.

All great loves that have ever died dropped dead.

"DROPPED DEAD."

August 5.

. . . Estimates are apt to adjust themselves in an hour of solitude on a mountain peak.

THE GEYSERS.

August 6.

. . . Somewhere (I wish I knew where, and I wish I knew from whose lips) I once found this immortal sentence:—

"A woman went through the streets of Alexandria, bearing a jar of water and a lighted torch, and crying aloud, 'With this torch I will burn up Heaven, and with this water I will put out Hell, that God may be loved for himself alone.'"

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

August 7.

. . . Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee nought that thou must take!

.

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is — take hand and heart;
There must be somewhere work to do.

HABEAS CORPUS.

[LAST POEM: August 7, 1885.]

August 8.

. . . The loneliness of intense individuality is the loneliest loneliness in the world, — a loneliness which crowds only aggravate, and which even the closest and happiest companionship can only in part cure.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

August 9.

. . . Our nearest and dearest friend, sitting so near that we can hear his every breath, can see if his blood runs by a single pulse-beat faster to his cheek, may yet be thinking thoughts which, if we could read them, would break our hearts.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

August 10.

LAST WORDS.

Dear hearts, whose love has been so sweet to know,
That I am looking backward as I go,
And lingering while I haste, and in this rain
Of tears of joy am mingling tears of pain;
Do not adorn with costly shrub, or tree,
Or flower, the little grave which shelters me.
Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed,
And back and forth all summer, unalarmed,
Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep;
Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep;
And when, remembering me, you come some day
And stand there, speak no praise, but only say,
"How she loved us! 'T was that which made her
dear!"
Those are the words that I shall joy to hear.

August 11.

A LAST PRAYER.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;
So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;
So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me repentant work for thee!

August 12.

EMIGRAVIT.

With sails full set, the ship her anchor weighs.
Strange names shine out beneath her figurehead.
What glad farewells with eager eyes are said!
What cheer for him who goes, and him who stays!
Fair skies, rich lands, new homes, and untried days
Some go to seek; the rest but wait instead
Until the next stanch ship her flag doth raise.
Who knows what myriad colonies there are
Of fairest fields, and rich, undreamed-of gains
Thick planted in the distant shining plains
Which we call sky because they lie so far?
Oh, write of me, not "Died in bitter pains,"
But "Emigrated to another star!"

[Helen Hunt Jackson:
Died, August 12, 1885.]

August 13.

. . . O glorious soul! there is no dearth
Of worlds. There must be many better worth
Thy presence and thy leadership than this.

MAZZINI.

August 14.

. . . Who knows that among the "things prepared" there may not be this: that, we being set free from all hindrances of space, as well as from those of time, there will be recognition, converse from planet to planet, the universe round, as quick and complete as there is now from face to face within hand's reach.

A COLORADO WEEK.

August 15.

. . . In her, joy was of the spirit, spiritual. Keen as were her senses, it was her soul which marshaled them all.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

August 16.

. . . The very impersonality of her enthusiasms and interests . . . was one of her strongest charms. . . . She was quite capable of regarding a human being as objectively as she would a flower, or a mountain, or a star.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

August 17.

. . . Physicians tell us that there are in men and women such enormous differences in this matter of sensitiveness to physical pain that one person may die of a pain which would be comparatively slight to another. . . . May there not be equally great differences in souls, in the matter of sensitiveness to moral hurt?

IBID.

August 18.

. . . It seems that in Germany the Catholics think more of the day which is called by the name of the saint whose name you bear, than they do of your birthday. 18th of August, I shall never forget now, is "St. Helen's" day.

(Glad there 's been a St. Helen already, because one of a name is enough. So I need not ——)

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

. . . When at last, in lonely grave,
He laid his lonely head,
No loving heart more tears need crave;
Nowhere more sacred grasses wave;
All human hearts to whom he gave
Grieved like friends' hearts when he was dead.

THE SINGER'S FRIENDS.

August 19.

. . . Beautiful moss agates, — daintiest of all Nature's secret processes in stone. . . . What geology shall tell us the whole of their secret? . . . Here are microscopic ferns, feathery seaweeds, tassels of pines, rippling water-lines of fairy tides, mottled drifts of sand or snows, — all drawn in black or gray, on and in and through the solid stone.

Centuries treasured, traced, copied, embalmed them. They are too solemnly beautiful to be made into ornaments and set swinging in women's ears!

FROM CHICAGO TO OGDEN.

August 20.

. . . The communion of saints is never banished from an air it has once filled.

HOLY CROSS VILLAGE AND MRS. POPE'S

August 21.

. . . The readiness of one's habitations is a perpetual marvel in the traveler's life: it is strange we can be so faithless about accommodations in the next world, when we are so well taken care of in this.

A German Landlady.

August 22.

. . . "I love the Jesu Christ more by Renan as in what the Church say for him."

Ibid.

August 23.

. . . Faces are half-terrifying things to one who studies them, such paradoxical masks are they; only one half mask, and the other half bared secrets of a lifetime.

The Katrina Saga.

August 24.

. . . A picture has uses, as well as a gazetteer . . .

COLORADO SPRINGS.

August 25.

. . . There is more stimulus sometimes in suggestion than in information; more delight in the afterglow of reminiscence than in the clear detail of observation.

IBID.

August 26.

. . . Canyons are known of their lovers.

To their lovers they reveal themselves; to their lovers' eyes they are no more alike than fair women are alike in the eyes of their worshipers.

BOULDER CANYON.

August 27.

. . . How many people are there who habitually speak to a boy of ten, twelve, or fourteen, with the same civility as to his sister, a little younger or older?

"BOYS NOT ALLOWED."

August 28.

. . . Dear, blessed, noisy, rollicking, tormenting, comforting Boy! . . .

Except for him, how would errands be done, chairs brought, nails driven, cows stoned out of our way, letters carried, twine and knives kept ready, lost things found, luncheon carried to picnics, three-year-olds that cry led out of meeting, butterflies and *birds'* nests and birch-bark got, the horse taken round to the stable, borrowed things sent home, — and all with no charge for time?

IBID.

August 29.

. . . *Chance* is not the word when God befriends. . . .

THE SINGER'S FRIENDS.

August 30.

. . . Among the Etrurians, it seems, the horse was an emblem of the passage of the soul to the other world; from which it is fair to infer that break-neck riding and driving are not modern inventions.

A MORNING IN THE ETRUSCAN MUSEUM IN THE VATICAN.

August 31.

. . . Nowhere in kind-hearted, simple Germany do human beings pass by other human beings, as we do in America, without so much as a turn of the head to show recognition of humanity in common.

THE GOOD STAFF OF PLEASURE.


SEPTEMBER.



September.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.
The gentian's blues fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.
The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.
From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.
By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.



September 1.

. . . We owe something to those who love us: we owe it to them not to disappoint them.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

September 2.

. . . I know not with what body come
The saints. But this I know, my Paradise
Will mean the resurrection of her eyes.

HER EYES.

September 3.

. . . "'tain't never tew late fur ennything but oncet, 'n' yer can't tell when thet time's come till it's past 'n' gone."

RAMONA.

September 4.

. . . The reverent love for mountains is like a reverent love for a human being, — reticent, afraid of the presumptuousness of speech.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

September 5.

. . . The truth is, that one should never see the Coliseum and the tomb of Cecilia Metella before seeing the ruins on the Rhine; after them, nothing else this side of Palestine can look like more than a middle-aged house "out of repair."

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

September 6.

. . . Above all, one should not come from Tyrol *down* the Rhine; remember that, all of you who mean Rhine and Tyrol some day. Go *to* the Tyrol, *up* the Rhine, and then perhaps you will *get* a Rhine! I honestly own I have not had any.

IBID.

September 7.

. . . The wild grape, lawless master of every situation. . . .

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

September 8.

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

By easy slope to west as if it had
No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
Except to look devoutly to the sun,
It rises and has risen, until glad,
With light as with a garment, it is clad,
Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
One ray; and after day has long been done
For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad
To leave its brow.

Beloved mountain, I
Thy worshiper as thou the sun's, each morn
My dawn, before the dawn, receive from thee;
And think, as thy rose-tinted peaks I see,
That thou wert great when Homer was not born,
And ere thou change all human song shall die!

September 9.

. . . As for *red*, it has always been to me like the key-note of a universe of hidden things, like a very spell in the air. . . . Wonderful color, which makes such road for itself through space!

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

September 10.

. . . Our faces are the clothes of our souls; and the strange thing is, that the soul's clothes always show what shape the souls have.

The body's clothes are quite different. You can have clothes made for the body which will quite conceal its shape; it may be deformed and ugly to look at, and yet good clothes, rightly made, can almost cover up the deformity.

But not so with the face, which is the outside garment of the soul.

KICKING AGAINST PRICKS.

September 11.

. . . The next picture was of a high mountain with snow half-way down its sides, and a great many lower mountains all around it. This was called *Pike's Peak.*

"Oh, papa!" said Nelly, "could we live where we could see that mountain all the time?"

"Perhaps so, Nell," answered her father, smiling at her eagerness: "would you like to?"

Nelly was looking at the picture intently, and did not reply for a moment. Then she said: "Papa, *I think it would keep us good all the time to look at that mountain.*"

NELLY'S SILVER MINE.

. . . *Pike's Peak* . . . whose tints shall be fiery red, golden yellow, or deep purple blue, according as you see them: fiery red at dawn, yellow in the first flood of sunrise, and purple just after the sun has set.

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW AND RED.

September 12.

. . . The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden-rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

ASTERS AND GOLDEN-ROD.

September 13.

. . . We know no face till it smiles. If the smile is a true smile, the face is transfigured to us forever.

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW AND RED.

September 14.

. . . What strange audacity of reverence there seems in the way the Spaniard has set the name of his Christ everywhere!

IBID.

September 15.

. . . "Old age is old age, soften it how you will; and youth is youth; and youth is beautiful, and old age is ugly."

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

September 16.

. . . If you kick against the pricks of life, every kick leaves its mark on your face; and if you keep on kicking, that is, if you keep on fretting, and whining, and teasing, and making a fuss about things that can't be helped, by and by your face will be all full of ugly lines and marks which are just like the rags and tatters which would come on your clothes if you plunged through a bramble-bed every day. And you can mend the clothes; but you can't possibly mend a face.

KICKING AGAINST PRICKS.

September 17.

. . . One secret and one spell
All true things have. No sunlight ever fell
With *sound* to bid flowers open. Still and swift
Come sweetest things on earth.

HOW WAS IT?

September 18.

. . . Who is responsible for the inappropriate name Garden of the Gods, I do not know; one more signally unfitting could hardly have been chosen. Fortress of the Gods, or Tombs of the Giants, would be better.

A Symphony in Yellow and Red.

September 19.

. . . I doubt if one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight.

One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness, must learn it like a new language; even if one has known nature's tongues well, he will be a helpless foreigner here. I have fancied that its speech was to the speech of ordinary nature what the Romany is among the dialects of the civilized, — fierce, wild, free, defiantly tender.

Ibid.

September 20.

. . . Mere separations weigh
As dust in balances of love. The death
That kills comes only by dishonor.

DIED.

September 21.

. . . You are three hours going from Truckee to Lake Tahoe, and it is so steadily up hill that you begin to wonder long before you get there why the lake does not run over and down. At last you turn a sharp corner, and there lies the lake, only a few rods off.

What *color* you see it depends on the hour and the day.

It has its *own* calendars — its spring-times and winters, its dawns and darknesses — *incalculable by almanacs.*

LAKE TAHOE.

September 22.

. . . That is the thing that grieves one most in Europe, — that the pictures will, in spite of you, wipe each other out.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

September 23.

. . . There is no place in the world where human nature shows to such sad disadvantage as in waiting-rooms at railway stations, especially in the "Ladies' Room."

In the "Gentlemen's Room" there is less of that ghastly, apathetic silence which seems only explainable as an interval between two terrible catastrophes.

HALF AN HOUR IN A RAILWAY STATION.

September 24.

. . . At sunset . . . down into our own beloved *plains*. The first glimpse of their immeasurable distance was grander than all we had journeyed to see.

Their mystic vanishing line, where earth and sky seem one, only because eyes are too weak to longer follow their eternal curves, always strikes upon my sight as I think there would fall upon the ear the opening perfect chord of some celestial symphony, —a celestial symphony which we must forever strain to hear, must forever know to be resounding just beyond our sense, luring our very souls out of this life into the next, from earth to heaven.

A Colorado Week.

September 25.

. . . Come when they may, wait long as they will, give what warnings they can, rainy days are always interruptions.

RAINY DAYS.

September 26.

. . . Show me a dozen men and women in the early morning of a rainy day, and I will tell by their words and their faces who among them is rich and who is poor, — who has much goods laid up for just such times of want, and who has been spend-thrift and foolish.

IBID.

September 27.

. . . Love knows the face true fealty doth wear,
The pulse that beats unchanged by alien air,
Or hurts, or crimes, until the loved one dies.

FEALTY.

September 28.

. . . I think it was Dr. Johnson who said that happiness had only these ingredients: —

1. Health.
2. A little more money than you need.
3. A little less time than you want.

"A little less time than you want?"

That means, always to have so many things you want to see, to have, and to do, that no day is quite long enough for all you think you would like to get done before you go to bed.

"A Good Time."

September 29.

. . . There is not a "dull" spot on this earth, not one; and there ought not to be a "dull" moment in any human being's life, not one. The barrenest place you can find has enough in it for a man to study for his whole lifetime . . .

Ibid.

September 30.

. . . Who is the "*Great Foss*"?

Ah! that is the question which pressed upon our minds when friends said and friends wrote and friends reiterated: "Be sure and drive with Foss. That is the great thing, after all, in the trip to the Geysers." All our cross-questioning failed to elicit anything in regard to this modern Jehu, except the fact that he was in the habit of driving six horses at full gallop around a right-angled corner, and not upsetting his wagon. This seemed to us an equivocal recommendation of a driver on a very dangerous road.

Nevertheless, we humbly entreated that we might take our full share of the delicious risk of broken legs and necks, and be able to come away saying that we too had gone at full gallop around right-angled corners of narrow roads, with the "daring champion reinsman of the world," as an enthusiastic writer has called Mr. Foss.

THE GEYSERS.


OCTOBER



October.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,
When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;
When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;
When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.
O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.



October 1.

. . . Words are less needful to sorrow than to joy.

RAMONA.

October 2.

. . . Places have their affinities to men, as much as men to each other; and fields and lanes have their moods also. I have brought one friend to meet another friend, and neither of them would speak; I have taken a friend to a hillside, and I myself have perceived that the hillside grew dumb, and its face clouded.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

October 3.

. . . Gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous heats in the colors; we had unthinkingly believed that sunshine helped instead of hindering. In this was a lesson.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870.

October 4.

. . . In the field of literature we find a hysteria as widespread, as undetected, as unmanageable as the hysteria which skulks and conquers in the field of disease.

HYSTERIA IN LITERATURE.

October 5.

. . . The worst manifestations of this disease are found in so-called religious writing.

IBID.

October 6.

. . . We must believe that sooner or later there will come a time in which silence shall have its dues, moderation be crowned king of speech, and melodramatic, spectacular, hysterical language be considered as disreputable as it is silly.

IBID.

October 7.

BURNT SHIPS.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea!
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west; that bloom no wintry gale [be,
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,
To shores unknown!

O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries;
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships?

October 8.

. . . A tree is the only living thing which can keep the secret of its own age, is it not? Nobody can tell within a hundred or two of years anything about it so long as the tree can hold its head up.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

October 9.

. . . If we have n't an international anything else, we have very nearly an international costume for the masculine human creature; and it is as ugly and unpicturesque a thing as malignity itself could devise.

IBID.

October 10.

. . . No man knows where his neighbor's prison lies.

FRIENDS OF THE PRISONERS.

October 11.

. . . How dare we any human deed arraign;
Attempt to reckon any moment's cost;
Or any pathway trust as safe and plain
Because we see not where the threads have crossed?

CROSSED THREADS.

October 12.

. . . We think we are quite sure that it is a foolish little prayer, when people pray to have torn lace made whole. But it would be hard to show the odds between asking that, and asking that it may rain, or that the sick may get well.

RAMONA.

October 13.

. . . A nation that steals and lies and breaks promises will no more be respected or unpunished than a man who steals and lies and breaks promises.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR.

October 14.

. . . The tears of those who reckoned me their own
A little space will wet
The grass: but soon all saddened days
Count up to comforted and busy years:
All living men must go their ways
And leave their dead behind. The tideless light
Of sun and moon and stars,—silence of night
And noise of day, and whirling of the great
Round world itself,—yea,
All things which are and are not work to lay
The dead away.
The crumbling of the stone, more late,
The sinking of the little mound
To unmarked level, where with noisy sound
Roam idle and unwitting feet,
Least tokens are and smallest part
Of the oblivion complete
Which wraps a human grave.

RESURGAM.

October 15.

. . . Enjoyment can be rarefied, like air, so that its measures of time grow meaningless, and seem false, as do the measures of distance in the upper air.

A Colorado Week.

October 16.

. . . I confess that on rainy mornings in country houses, among well-dressed and so-called intelligent and Christian people, I have been seized with stronger disgusts and despairs about the capacity and worth of the average human creature, than I have ever felt in the worst haunts of ignorant wickedness.

Rainy Days.

October 17.

. . . Everything depends on standpoint. . . .

San Francisco.

October 18.

. . . As she entered the Square, . . . Hetty found herself surrounded by a crowd of children, each in its finest clothes, and each bearing a small pot with a flowering-plant in it.

"For thee! For thee! The good saints bless the day thou wert born!" they all cried, pressing nearer, and lifting high their little pots.

"See my carnation!" . . . "And my jonquil!" "And my pansies!" "And this forget-me-not!" cried the children, growing more and more excited each moment; while . . . louder and louder rose the chorus:

"For thee! For thee! May the good saints bless the day thou wert born!"

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

[HELEN HUNT JACKSON:
Born October 18, 1831.]

October 19.

O hospitable wilderness,
I know thy secret sign;
All human welcome seemeth less
To me than thine.

.

Such couch, such canopy, such floor,
Such royal banquet spread;
Such music through the open door,
So little said.

So much bestowed and understood,
Such flavored courtesy,
And only kings of unmixed blood
For company.

.

O hospitable wilderness,
For thee I long and pine;
All human welcome seemeth less
To me than thine.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.

October 20.

. . . We must have *margin*, or be uncomfortable in everything in life.

MARGIN

October 21.

. . . Is there a greater misery than to be hurried? If we leave ourselves *proper margin*, we never need to be hurried. We always shall be, if we crowd our plan.

IBID.

October 22.

. . . O Death, the fairest lands beyond thy sea
Lie waiting, and thy barks are swift and stanch
And ready. Why do we reluctant launch?
And when our friends their heritage have claimed
Of thee, and entered on it, rich and free,
Oh, why are we of sorrow not ashamed?

BON VOYAGE.

October 23.

. . . Finding one's native flowers thousands of miles away from home seems to annihilate distance. . . . Exile is not exile, if it be to a country where the wild rose can grow.

LITTLE ROSE, AND THE HOUSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

October 24.

. . . It is a poor proof of the superiority of enlightened, emancipated, and cultivated intellect, with all its fine analyses of what God is not, if it tends to hold in scorn or dares to hold in pity the ignorance which is yet so full of spirituality that it believes it can even see what God is, and feels safer by night and day with a cross at each gable of the roof.

THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU.

October 25.

. . . O subtile secret of the air,
Making the things that are not, fair
Beyond the things that we can reach
And name with names of clumsy speech; —
O subtile secret of the air,
Heaven itself is heavenly fair
By help of thee!

DISTANCE.

October 26.

. . . "I guess the Lord knows abaout 's well haow to fix this world o' hisn 's any on 'em do thet 's allers a tryin' to make aout haow He might ha' done it."

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870.

October 27.

. . . Perhaps it is only the highly civilized who can appreciate the delights of savagery.

WA-HA-TOY-A.

October 28.

. . . There are some spots on earth which seem to have a strong personality about them, — a charm and a spell far beyond anything which mere material nature, however lovely, can exert; a charm which charms like the beauty of a human face, and a spell which lasts like the bond of a human relation.

In such spots we can live alone without being lonely.

We go away from them with the same sort of sorrow with which we part from friends, and we recall their looks with the yearning tenderness with which we look on the photographs of beloved absent faces.

THE CRADLE OF PEACE.

October 29.

. . . One comes of a sudden into the presence of Wordsworth, as a traveler finds some day, upon a well-known road, a grand cathedral, into which he turns aside and worships, and wonders how it happens that he never before saw it. . . .

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

October 30.

. . . We recognize tyranny when it wears a crown and sits on an hereditary throne. . . . How many communities, how many households even, are without a tyrant?

PRIVATE TYRANTS.

October 31.

. . . We dreaded the morning.

And it was the morning of a day which we would gladly live over again.

So false are *fears* in this life.

A COLORADO WEEK.


NOVEMBER



November.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we *can "lay us down to sleep."*

"Down to Sleep."

November 1.

. . . The air is full of whirling leaves, brown and yellow and red.

The show is over.

The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870.

November 2.

. . . The thing next in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare; its every exquisiteness of shape revealed, and its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; and, more than the beauty of shape and the outlining on sky, the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears and reveals in its tiny gray buds.

IBID.

November 3.

. . . Last night, as if in final symphony to the play and grand prelude of welcome to the conquering winter which draws near, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had been daring to touch and pick in leaves off stems, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light, as in celestial garments. Fixed stars seemed reeling in their embraces; the whole firmament seemed to furl and sway and undulate, as if it might presently be borne off like a captured banner in their passing. . . . The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora.

It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870.

November 4.

. . . The reign of Archelaus is not yet over; he has had many names, and ruled over more and more countries, but the spirit of his father, Herod, is still in him.

To-day his power is at its zenith. He is called Education; and the safest place for the dear, holy children is still Egypt, or some other of the fortunate countries called unenlightened.

THE REIGN OF ARCHELAUS.

November 5.

. . . It is perhaps a question whether the real tyrannies in this life are those that are accredited as such.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FAMILY.

November 6.

. . . The subtlest smile is little more than an added brightness to the eye and a tremulousness of the mouth. One second of time is more than long enough for it; but eternity does not outlast it.

THE FINE ART OF SMILING.

November 7.

O Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gifts; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

November 8.

. . . The Northern nations of Europe seem to have hit upon signally appropriate names for that place of torment which in English is called steamboat.

There are times when simply to pronounce the words *dampskib* or *dampbaad* is soothing to the nerves.

THE KATRINA SAGA.

November 9.

. . . I should respect customs and custom-houses more if they did as they say they will do. As it is, to smuggle seems to me the easiest thing in the world, as well as the most alluring. I have never smuggled because I have never had the means necessary to do it; but I *could* have smuggled thousands of dollars worth of goods, if I had had them, through every custom-house I have ever seen.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

November 10.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art.

HABEAS CORPUS.

November 11.

. . . For myself and for those whom I might possibly win to love Colorado Springs as I love it, I would say simply that it is a town lying due east of the Great Mountains and west of the sun. . . . Between it and the morning sun and between it and the far southern horizon stretch plains which have all the beauty of the sea added to the beauty of plains.

Like the sea they are ever changing in color, and seem illimitable in distance.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

November 12.

. . . Looking westward, we see only mountains. Their summits are in the skies, ten, twelve, fourteen thousand feet high. . . . The summits are sharp, some of them of bare red rock, gleaming under the summer sunrise like pyramids of solid garnet, yet blue again at sunset, — of a purple blue, as soft as the purple blue of grapes at their ripest.

Sometimes in winter, they are more beautiful still, — so spotless white, stately, and solemn, that if one believes there is a city of angels he must believe that these are the towers and gates thereof.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

November 13.

. . . Most earnestly I believe . . . that there is to be born of these plains and mountains, all along the great central plateaux of our continent, the very best life, physical and mental, of the coming centuries. . . . It was in the east that the wise men saw the star; but it was westward to a high mountain, in a lonely place, that the disciples were led for the transfiguration!

COLORADO SPRINGS.

November 14.

. . . Walls rise and close
Around. No warning shows
To me, who am but blind, which wall
Will shelter, and which one will fall
And crush me in the dust,
Not that I sinned, but that it must.

RESURGAM.

November 15.

. . . Water can do a hundred things more beautiful with itself than leaping off a precipice; but the world at large does not seem to know it.

The noise and spatter and froth are what the world likes best.

NORTH CHEYENNE CANYON.

November 16.

. . . "Believin' 'n' worshippin' 's tew things."

RAMONA.

November 17.

. . . Pages have been written about the inquisitiveness of the rural New Englander; comparatively little has been said about his faculty of reticence at will, which is quite as remarkable.

I doubt if any man can be found to match him in a series of evasive and non-committal replies.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

November 18.

AN ARCTIC QUEST.

O proudly name their names who bravely sail
To seek brave lost in Arctic snows and seas!
Bring money and bring ships, and on strong knees
Pray prayers so strong that not one word can fail
To pierce God's listening heart! Rigid and pale,
The lost men's bodies, waiting, drift and freeze;
Yet shall their solemn dead lips tell to these
Who find them secrets mighty to prevail
On farther, darker, icier seas.
I go
Alone, unhelped, unprayed-for. Perishing
For years in realms of more than Arctic snow,
My heart has lingered. Will the poor dead thing
Be sign to guide past bitter flood and floe,
To open sea, some strong heart triumphing?

November 19.

. . . I do not understand why travelers make such a to-do always about the way women work in the fields in Germany. I am sure they are far less to be pitied than the women who work in narrow, dark, foul streets of cities; and they look a thousand times healthier.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

November 20.

. . . We must be all wrong if we are not in sympathy with the age in which we live. We might as well be dead as not keep up with it. But which of us does not sometimes wish in his heart of hearts, that he had been born long enough ago to have been boon companion of his great-grandfather, and have gone respectably and in due season to his grave at a good *jog trot?*

JOG TROT.

November 21.

. . . All is drift
Of time and chance, and none may stay or sift
Or know the end of that which is begun.

CHANCE.

November 22.

. . . "They 're up every mornin' uv thar lives long afore daylight, a feedin' their stock, an' gittin' ready fur the day's work. . . . I allow the Lawd meant some time fur sleepin'; 'n' I 'm satisfied with His times o' lightin' up."

RAMONA.

November 23.

. . . No man can so take a photograph of a landscape as to render and convey the whole truth of it, unless he is an *artist* by nature, and would know how to choose the point from which that landscape ought to be painted.

SAN FRANCISCO.

November 24.

. . . The contagion of the haste to be rich is as deadly as the contagion of a disease, and it is too impatient to take note of facts that might stay its fever.

It is a simple matter of statistics, for instance, that in the regions of Georgetown and Central City the average miner is poor, while the man who sells him potatoes is well off. Yet for one man who will plant potatoes, twenty will go into a mine.

LITTLE ROSE, AND THE HOUSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

November 25.

. . . Why cannot a mining town be clean, well-ordered, and homelike? I have never seen one such in Colorado or in California.

A COLORADO WEEK.

November 26.

. . . "How very much they seem to have made of the *devil* in the olden time, ma'am, do they not?" remarked Brita, entirely unconscious of the fact that she was philosophizing; "wherever we have been, there have been so many things named in his honor!"

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

November 27.

Dead Homer from his lost and vanished grave
Keeps battle glorious still and soldiers brave.

SONGS OF BATTLE.

November 28.

. . . This is one of the sweetest mercies of life, that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and, knowing it, can *hide* it.

FRIENDS OF THE PRISONERS.

November 29.

. . . It is very much to be questioned whether, in a republic, the people who find themselves temporarily lower down in the social scale than they like to be or expect to stay, feel, in their consciousness of the possibility of rising, half so much pride or satisfying pleasure as do the lower classes in England, for instance, in their relations with those whom they serve, whose dignity they seem to share by ministering to it.

A Burns Pilgrimage.

November 30.

O yesterday,
My yesterday, thy sorest pain
Were joy couldst thou but come again, —
Sweet yesterday.

Gondolieds.


DECEMBER



December.

. . . The beautiful white . . . winter had set in. . . . The groves of maple and hickory and beech were bare. Their delicate gray tints spread in masses over the hillsides like a transparent, gray veil, through which every outline of the hills was clear, but softened. The massive pines and spruces looked almost black against the white of the snow, and the whole landscape was at once shining and sombre.

. . . Dreamy and inert and phlegmatic people . . . see only the sombreness.

. . . But to a joyous, brisk, sanguine soul, the clear, crisp, cold air is like wine; and the whiteness and sparkle and shine of the snow are like martial music, a constant excitement and spell.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

December 1.

. . . Wherever are two hearts, there are the elements ready for fate to work its utmost with, for weal or woe.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

December 2.

. . . Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"NOT AS I WILL."

December 3.

. . . Happy people do not need each other as sad people do.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

December 4.

. . . When one sails Lido-ward, . . . no glories of color in the sky, — no, not even when a day is setting, — can long withhold his eyes from the Convent of San Lazzaro.

Loveliest of all lovely islands in the Lagoons, it seems, in some lights, to be floating, and rising, and sinking on the smooth water, like a great red lily, with gray battlement calyx folding about it, and a fringe of green beneath.

THE CONVENT OF SAN LAZZARO, IN VENICE.

December 5.

. . . No sound, unless of a passing oar, interrupted the quiet. We longed to stay for the rest of our lives, and drink cream, and translate good books for the benefit of the Armenian nation; and only wished that we had been wicked men and written poetry, so that we could make a precedent of Lord Byron's having been taken to board there.

IBID.

December 6.

. . . It is a cruel thing that laughter should age a woman's face almost as much as weeping; but it does.

HETTY'S STRANGE HISTORY.

December 7.

. . . I believe that *cheeriness* is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished.

This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have.

But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations.

CHEERY PEOPLE.

December 8.

. . . Artistic sensibility and enthusiasm do not help a man to order dinner.

AH-WAH-NE DAYS.

December 9.

. . . "'T don't seem 's if folks need to suffer so 'n such a world 's this; things must come out right, sooner or later, somehow, if there 's any kind o' reason 'n any thing.

"It don't look no ways likely that God set it all a goin' jest to make folks miserable!"

ZEPH.

. . . Shrewdest of all commanders in the world is Love, who makes his recruits recruit themselves.

IBID.

December 10.

. . . Mistaken saints, who thought to save
Their souls, by making life a grave!

THE GIFT OF GRAPES.

December 11.

. . . There is in this world a great deal of moral color blindness, congenital, incurable.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.

December 12.

. . . This is always the way, I find, in a day of sight-seeing of the historical or memorial order. In the morning, heroes are heroes, and their graves are shrines.

By noon, they are nobodies, and you don't care where they are buried; or, at least, you don't believe they are buried where people say they are.

AN AFTERNOON IN MEMORIAM, IN SALZBURG.

December 13.

THE TEACHER.

The people listened, with short, indrawn breath,
And eyes that were too steady set for tears;
This one man's speech rolled off great loads of fears
From every heart, as sunlight scattereth
The clouds; hard doubts, which had been born of death,
Shone out as rain-drops shine when rainbow clears
The air. "O teacher," then I said, "thy years,
Are they not joy? Each word that issueth
From out thy lips, doth it return to bless
Thy own heart many fold?"
With weariness
Of tone he answered, and almost with scorn,
"I am, of all, most lone in loneliness;
I starve with hunger treading out their corn;
I die of travail while their souls are born."

December 14.

. . . It is the fourteenth day of December, winter, by the calendar.

Winter, too, to the eye. Ice lies firm-frozen in the gutters, and even the low foot-hills are powdered with snow.

. . . Winter by the calendar, winter to the sight and touch; but winter which wooes and warms like June.

. . . When to midwinter at six thousand feet above the sea is added the sun of June, the heads and hearts of men grow gay as by wine. . . .

And this is midwinter in Colorado.

A Winter Morning at Colorado Springs.

December 15.

. . . Rooms have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight.

The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the person who lives in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets.

THE EXPRESSION OF ROOMS.

December 16.

. . . When we first take possession of a room, it has no especial expression, perhaps, — at any rate, no expression peculiar to us; but day by day we create its countenance, and at the end of a few years it is sure to be a pretty good reflection of our own.

IBID.

December 17.

. . . The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

THE WAY TO SING.

December 18.

. . . "I do declare, I think it 's a shame to have any such thing 's poor-pews. . . . It 's borne in on me 't ain't Christian. I think the Catholics are lots better 'n we are about that, — lots. There ain't any thing but poor-pews 'n their churches, 'n' that 's the way it ought to be, — free to all."

ZEPH.

December 19.

. . . A mountain has as much personality as a man; you do not know one any more than you know the other until you have summered and wintered him.

OUR NEW ROAD.

December 20.

. . . Dainty, sturdy, indefatigable *Kinnikinnick*, green and glossy all the year round, lovely at Christmas and lovely among flowers at midsummer, as content and thrifty on bare, rocky hillsides as in grassy nooks, growing in long, trailing wreaths, five feet long, or in tangled mats, five feet across, as the rock or the valley may need, and living bravely for many weeks without water, to make a house beautiful.

I doubt if there be in the world a vine I should hold so precious, indoors and out.

THE CRADLE OF PEACE.

. . . In June it is fragrant with clusters of small pink and white bells, much like the huckleberry blossom. In December it is gay with berries as red as the berries of the holly. Neither midsummer heat nor midwinter cold can tarnish the sheen nor shrivel the fulness of its leaf.

It has such vitality that no barrenness, no drought, deters it.

OUR NEW ROAD.

December 21.

. . . What the people *demand*, Congress will *do*. . . .

A Century of Dishonor.

December 22.

. . . The first essential for a cheerful room is — Sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste are all thrown away. . . . "Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window.

The Expression of Rooms.

December 23.

. . . Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room, I put — Color. . . . Don't be afraid of red. . . . The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct.

It is the gladdest and most triumphant color everywhere. Ibid.

December 24.

. . . We have bought big boughs of mistletoe to hang up over our doors, and propose to kiss each other under it.

It is an uncanny, scrambling-looking thing. I am a little afraid of its spidery shape, but the berries are lovely.

If a white currant were to marry a snowberry, their babies would be like these. . . . You see through them, and you don't; they quiver, and yet are firm-planted as the bough itself; they are uncanny too, like the rest.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELER.

. . . We have thought of putting an advertisement in the newspapers to the following effect:—

"An intelligent American family would like to spend the Christmas holidays in an English house, where the Christmas customs and festivities will be well observed. No objection to noblemen."

But I fear it is now too late. IBID.

December 25.

O Christmas stars! your pregnant silentness,
Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
Leads on to-night,
And beckons, as three thousand years ago
It beckoning led.

. . . .

We have no dread of any shape
Which darkness can assume or fill;
We are not weary; we can wait;
God's hours are never late.

. . . .

O Christmas stars! your pregnant silentness,
Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
Fills all the night.

A Christmas Symphony.

December 26.

. . . "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." "'Seventy times seven!'" repeated the preacher. . . . "Friend, neighbor, husband, wife, how is it? Hast thou been hurt by any one four hundred and ninety times, and four hundred and ninety times forgiven the hurt, — forgiven it, wiped it out?"

ZEPH.

December 27.

. . . There is a dreadful phrase which you often hear among people who have not enough to do, — it is "passing time away;" "killing time," also, they sometimes call it. Isn't that a terrible expression to come from the lips of a human being, who will not have, at the outside, more than seventy or eighty years of time? not half enough to do all that a man or woman ought to want to do in this world!

"A GOOD TIME."

December 28.

. . . In the south . . . miles and miles of mountain-tops welded into one long, grand spur, and ending at last in a sudden lift, — a distinct and separated summit, as straight cut as a pyramid and sharper pointed. If it is sunset . . . you will see this long spur, welded, forged, fitted, and piled of mountain masses, glowing in full light. . . . Its surfaces are many-sided, sharp-ridged, as if the very mountains had crystallized.

The faces which turn west are opaline pink, the faces which turn east are dusky blue, and the pink and the blue change and shift and pale and brighten, until the sweet silence of the twilight seems marked into rhythms by the mere motions of color.

It is a sight solemn as beautiful, and the absolute soundlessness of the great forest spaces makes the solemnity almost overawing.

THE CRADLE OF PEACE.

December 29.

. . . "It's jest a kind er 'hit-er-miss' pattren we air all on us livin' on; 't ain't much use tryin' ter reckon how 't 'll come aout; but the breadths doos fit heaps better 'n yer 'd think; come ter sew 'em, 't ain't never no sech colors ez yer thought 't wuz gwine ter be, but it 's allers pooty, allers." . . .

RAMONA.

December 30.

. . . It is very strange, but when our eyes are full of tears of love, we can see more clearly than at any other time.

Sometimes I think that if we always looked through such tears we could see into Heaven. . . .

RUNNA RIG.

December 31.

His thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote,
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

.

Free at *last*, and his soul up-soaring,
Planets and skies beneath his feet,
Wonder and rapture all out-pouring,
Eternity how simple, sweet!

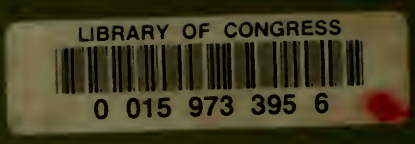
.

Higher the singer rose and higher,
Heavens, in spaces, sank like bars;
Great joy within him glowed like fire,
He tossed his arms among the stars, —

"This is the life, past life, past dying;
I am I, and I live the life:
Shame on the thought of mortal crying!
Shame on its petty toil and strife!

"Why did I halt, and weakly tremble?"
Even in heaven the memory smote, —
"Fool to be dumb, and to dissemble!
Alas for the song I never wrote!"

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.


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